

HANOVER, APRIL 5, 1804.

FOR THE TABLET.

## A DREAM.

Dreams are the interludes which fancy makes,  
When Monarch Reason sleeps—this mimic wakes,  
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,  
A court of cobblers—and a mob of kings.

D. YDAN.

THE other evening, having continued my lucubrations till a late hour, I retired to my bed-chamber thoughtfully contemplative on the noble and disinterested patriotism of the illustrious Cincinnatus. Having drawn the curtain, and placed my head on the pillow, I fell asleep, perplexed with a contrast of the modern, with the ancient virtues. Though asleep, imagination still kept playing, and I fancied myself seated in a sequestered grove, on the bank of a pure rivulet, which seemed to be consecrated for the purposes of devotion.—The prospect before me extended as far as the eye could reach; and seemed to have received the last and perfecting touch from the pencil of nature. From this situation I had leisure to view the whole vale, or which rather seemed a plain covered with an innumerable multitude, clothed in long and flowing robes, whose smiles seemed to bespeak immortality, and whose joy the perfection of bliss.

While contemplating on this scene with rapture and astonishment, I was approached by a female, the beauty of whose form, and the expression of whose countenance, though easy to imagine, it is impossible to describe. She addressed me with an ineffable sweetness of irresistible eloquence, bidding me welcome to all the joys of the place, and inviting me with enchanting smiles to partake of the pleasures of her society. Unsuspecting, the innocence of her appearance forced my consent; and while the welkin resounded with the sweetest harmony of sounds, she took me by the hand, and leading me along the bank of a winding rivulet, through groves of citron, a "wilderness of sweets," was about to introduce me to the society of the place, when I was warned, by a friendly voice, to resist the temptation, and flee from the allurements of the scene. Being struck with consternation, my confusion became apparent to my enchantress, who doubling her assiduity, exhibited all the graces of mind, all the charms of person, which imagination can form, or fancy portray. I was again enraptured, stood fixed in admiration, and was about to comply with her persuasions; when a hand pulled me forcibly by the arm, and a stern, though dignified voice, bid me follow my conductor. Immediately turning to see whence the voice proceeded, I beheld a being whose majesty impressed me with awe; and whose benignity infused joy and hope. At this instant, I seemed to be possessed of a facility of locomotion, of which it is impossible for me now to conceive. Without any perceptible exertion, I passed through the ethereal regions to the summit of a mountain, which overlooked the en-

chanting vale from which I had taken my airy flight. Here, my conductor bid me pause, and directed my attention to the place which I had mistaken for the regions of bliss. The scene was now changed. I beheld them rioting in all the pleasures of disorder and confusion. Even now, their countenances were distorted with rage; the diseases of intemperance were strongly painted on their cheeks, and they, who before seemed immortal, now fell victims at the shrine of licentiousness. I was now informed by my conductor, that the damsel, who addressed me, was the genius of democracy, who practised all those arts of which I had been a witness, to seduce credulous mortals into the political chaos of anarchy and confusion, of which, the scene before me was strikingly emblematical. He further informed me, that the mountain, on which I stood, was called the mount of reason, and what I saw before me was that fancied happiness, to which every system, being founded on indigestible principles, and imaginary theories, conducts.—After many precepts of instruction, which I do not remember, he directed me to turn and view the prospect on the other side of the mountain. What I there saw, will be related in a future paper.

SOMNIVOLUS.

FOR THE TABLET.

## OBSERVATOR.—No. I.

THE study of nature is pleasing and important. To view the human constitution, in its various stages of refinement, is a pursuit, which, while it exhibits man in his dependent and imperfect state, likewise exhibits the most ample and convincing displays of the wisdom and benevolence of his creator. This is a subject, which has attracted the universal attention of the literati of all ages of the world. Orators have never ceased to eulogize its worth, and poets have tuned their lyres to sound its praises.

The ancients took great delight in directing their attention to the study of human nature. A long list of their philosophers and poets has been transmitted to modern ages, whose productions may well excite the praise and admiration of the world.

The writings of Horace exhibit a portrait of the human constitution as pleasing as any, which has been transmitted to us from antiquity. The various characters and propensities of mankind are, in his volumes, painted in glowing colours, yet with that modesty and reserve, which he ever cherished as a poet and friend to his fellow men. He appears not to have painted himself upon any particular class of people, by satirical and scurrilous productions on others, but to have studied human nature in its greatest extent, and exposed her imperfections with the utmost ingenuity and candour. In viewing the human family, in various situations,—the heights

to which some are exalted by ambition, and the pursuits of those in the more humble walks of life, he could not refrain from portraying their characters in his sweetly flowing verse.

But his attention was not confined solely to the rational part of creation. From inanimate to animate matter, and, in the animal world, from the many beasts, which strow the meadow, or roam through the forest;—from the feathered race, which wing their way through ethereal space, his views extended to men, to angels, and to gods. Each has received its eulogy in his inimitable works; and each, where imperfections could be noted, has received a check, which genius can never cease to admire.

Thus extensively did this greatest of poets, with an unprejudiced mind, study human nature. Who can read and not admire the simplicity and elegance of his diction, which flows with such "smooth, harmonious, and melodious sounds, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

For the TABLET.

## THE RUSTIC.

Let sowk bode well, and strive to do their best:  
Nae mair's required; let heav'n make out the rest.

A. RAMSAY.

SUCH has been the predominance of licentious passions, such the eagerness for indulgence, that the commanding energy of a JOHNSON and the persuasive ease of an ADDISON have been inadequate to preserve the metropolis of England from that excess of immorality and wantonness of vice, so easily cherished in the courts of princes. But in a country like ours, where corruption of manners is in embryo, the weak efforts of any one to support declining purity of manners are not despised, but obtain candid indulgence.

Judging by analogy, that the mind is more vigorous, in proportion as our bodies are more active and powerful, the male creation has ever arrogated the ascendancy. This is doubtless just. But man, instead of moderately exercising the sceptre of rule, has wielded it with unauthorised rashness, and female delicacy has been too frequently wounded by fashionable innovations. Acrimonious wit, the severity of satire and the energy of learning, have been successively employed to designate and ridicule the minor errors of women; while these very declaimers against female imprudence are themselves the sources of what they are displeased with. When the sexual boundary is laid aside which protects our fair sisters from the violence of masculine passions, a certain licentious freedom of manners will be the result entirely destructive of rational delicacy.



Young Z. has been genteely educated. He unites elegance of manners with considerable acquirements, but has been instructed to practice that freedom and boldness towards the other sex so eminently conspicuous in some standards of fashionable taste. In his intercourse with females he is peculiarly free in the exercise of his bold and assuming talents, and is confident that his credit will be established with a delicate woman in proportion to the freedom he should exercise towards her person. He is a proficient at gallantry, and by a tolerable knack of blending sentimental trumpery as a language of course, he renders himself a dangerous companion to indiscriminating females. A freedom that unites an idea of respect with familiarity is justifiable, but this youth practices those bare-faced immodesties that would be condemned by every *christian* jury of observers of custom and the decencies of life. When such acquire a liberty justified by the countenance of fashionable women, to practice familiarities unauthorized by the strictest delicacy, others with the wish, without the talent to become genteely free with the persons of women, will frequently commit unpardonable offences.

The hacknied O! tempora! of Cicero has become peculiarly trite—but surely we may notice an essential difference between the manners of present and of ancient republics.—In days of Roman purity a kiss was never granted in public, but reserved as a reward of legitimate affection. The modesty of the Grecians disclaimed all familiar intercourse of the sexes; and even in New-England, a century and a half ago, for a man to salute his wife on the Sabbath was an unpardonable offence. But at the present day such familiarities are unbounded, and a lady's cheek and her fan are almost equally common.—Prudery and unreasonable strictness are despicable—but whether some customs of the day are authorized by delicacy and decency, wiser heads than a Rustic's must determine.

#### LIFE OF MASSILLON.

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON was born in Provence, in the year 1663. His father was a poor attorney of that inconsiderable place. The obscurity of his birth, which gives so much lustre to the splendour of his personal merit, should make a chief feature in his panegyric; and it may be said of him, as was said of that illustrious Roman, who owed nothing to his ancestors, *Videtur ex se natus*: he seemed to have produced himself.

He entered the Oratory at seventeen; the superiors of Massillon soon saw the fame which he would bring to their congregation. They destined him to the pulpit; but, it was from a principle of obedience alone that he consented to second their views: he was the only one who

did not foresee that future celebrity by which his humility and his modesty were to be rewarded.

The young Massillon did every thing in his power to avoid that fame. He had already, while in the country, by order of his superiors, pronounced the funeral orations of two archbishops. These discourses, which were indeed nothing but the attempts of a youth, but of a youth who shewed what he would one day be, had the most brilliant success. The humble orator, alarmed at his growing reputation, and dreading, as he said, the demon of pride, resolved to escape him forever, by secluding himself in the most obscure retreat. He repaired to the Abbey of Septfons, where the same discipline is observed as at La Trappe; and there he took the habit.

During his noviciate, the Cardinal de Noailles addressed to the Abbe of Septfons, whose virtue he respected, a charge which he had just published. The Abbe, more religious than eloquent, perceiving still at least for those of his communion some remains of self-love, wished to return an answer to the Cardinal worthy of the charge he had received. This office he entrusted to Massillon, who performed it with as much readiness as success. The Cardinal, astonished at receiving from that quarter a piece so well written, was not afraid of wounding the vanity of the Abbe of Septfons, by asking who was the author of it; when, the Abbe's mentioning Massillon, the prelate immediately replied, that such talents were not, in the language of Scripture, to remain hid under a bushel. He obliged the novice to quit the habit, and resume that of the Oratory. He placed him in the seminary of St. Magloire, in Paris, exhorting him to cultivate the eloquence of the pulpit, and promising to make his fortune, which the young orator confined to that of an apostle, that is, to the mere necessities of life, accompanied with the most exemplary simplicity.

His first Sermons produced the effect which his superiors and the Cardinal de Noailles had foreseen. Scarcely had he shewn himself in the churches of Paris, than he eclipsed almost all those who had shone in the same sphere. He had declared that he would not preach like them; not from any presumptuous sentiments of superiority, but from the just and rational idea he had formed of Christian eloquence. He was persuaded, that if a minister of the gospel degrades himself by circulating known truths in vulgar language, he fails, on the other hand, in thinking to reclaim, by profound argumentation, a multitude of hearers, who are by no means able to comprehend him; that though all who hear him may not have the advantage of education, yet all of them have a heart at which the preacher should aim; that in the pulpit, man should be exhibited to himself, not to frighten him by the horror

of the picture, but to afflict him by its resemblance; and that, if it is sometimes useful to terrify and alarm him, it is often more profitable to draw forth those extatic tears, that are more efficacious than those of despair.

Such was the plan that Massillon proposed to follow, and which he executed like a man who had conceived it, that is, like a man of genius. He excels in that property of an orator which can alone supply all the rest; in that eloquence which goes directly to the soul; which agitates without convulsing; which alarms without appalling; which penetrates without rending the heart. He searches out those hidden folds in which the passions lie enveloped; these secret sophisms which blind and seduce. To combat and to destroy these sophisms, he has in general only to unfold them: this he does with an unction so affectionate and so tender, that he allures us rather than compels; and, even when he shews us the picture of our vices, he interests and delights us the most. His diction, always smooth and elegant, and pure, is every where marked with that noble simplicity, without which there is neither good taste nor true eloquence; a simplicity, which being united in Massillon with the sweetest and most bewitching harmony, borrowed from his latter additional graces; but what completes the charm of this enchanting style, is our conviction that so many beauties spring from an exuberant source, and are produced without effort or pain. It sometimes happens, indeed, that a few inaccuracies escape him, either in the expression, in the term of the phrase, or in the affecting melody of his style; such inaccuracies, however, may be called happy ones, for they completely prevent us from suspecting the least degree of labour in his composition. It was by this happy negligence that Massillon gained as many friends as auditors: he knew, that the more an orator is intent upon gaining admiration, the less those who hear him are disposed to grant it; and that this ambition is the rock on which so many preachers have split, who being entrusted, if one may dare thus to express it, with the interests of the Deity, wish to mingle with them in the insignificant interests of their own vanity. He compared the studied eloquence of learned preachers to those flowers which grow so luxuriantly amongst the corn, that are lovely to the view, but noxious to the corn.

(Remainder in next No.)

Letter from a young gentleman to his sister, on her removing from the country to live in the city.

THE tender anxiety, with which an affectionate brother must naturally be affected by every thing that concerns, however remotely, the present or future felicity of an amiable sister, alone induces me at this time to intrude upon your hours of gaiety and cheerfulness, and will, I flatter myself, at least secure me a favourable reception. I confess,



my dear girl, I am but ill qualified for the task I have undertaken; but when I consider the change in your situation, and that upon the conduct which you may now adopt, and the sentiments you may now imbibe, your future character, consequence, and peace of mind in a great measure may depend; my regard for your interest overcomes every other consideration, and prevails upon me to throw together the following scattered thoughts, which may possibly be of some service to you in life.

My youth, and natural indulgence for your sex, will secure you from the rigid austerity of age, while the little experience I have had in the world, the observations upon mankind I have had an opportunity of making, and a certain turn of thought, which I would hope is not peculiar to myself, will prevent my adopting the maxims of the votaries of folly and dissipation, beyond what reason and virtue will justify.

You are now, my dear girl, arrived at a time of life, when the passions begin to unfold themselves, and the heart expands and discloses all its tender sensibilities: educated in the bosom of rural retirement, far from the liberties of the town, your mind is unfilled as the crystal stream; your soul the image of spotless purity; and your heart the seat of every virtuous, every delicate sentiment, void of art, and free from affectation; that sweet timidity, that charming delicacy, that enchanting bashfulness, that artless, blushing modesty, which shrink from the most distant approach of every thing rude and indecent, and which form the brightest ornaments of your sex, shine in their fullest lustre, throughout every part of your conduct. Such you appear to the friendly but impartial eye of your brother: but will you always deserve this character? Young as you are, and possessed of so gentle a disposition, will you have resolution sufficient to associate with those who are called the polite and well bred, the gay and fashionable of the present day, without assuming their manners, and adopting their free and forward airs? Will not those indelicacies, which too many, who are called gentlemen, are accustomed to use in company of ladies, become familiar from their frequency, and less offensive by repetition, until what at first might shock and disgust, may at length appear even agreeable? But should you, by an intercourse with the world, acquire just that ease and presence of mind, which is necessary for your own satisfaction, and to prevent your being embarrassed, (which is all you stand in need of, if you stand in need of any thing) without losing any thing of your present sensibility and delicacy—should you, while you feel yourself free and unconstrained in company, at the same time be able to maintain that modest reserve in the whole of your conduct, which, untinged by haughtiness or pride, flows spontaneously from a native dignity of mind, and purity of heart—you will then have arrived as near to the perfection of the female character, as this state will permit, and will be the delight and admiration of our sex.

But indecent conduct is not all that a young lady has to guard against. Those who are the most rude and indelicate in their actions, are commonly equally licentious in their conversation. All the wit that many of our young gentlemen possess, consists in saying things that wound every delicate bosom, and crimson the cheek of modesty—that execrable kind of wit that consists in the use of double entendres of expressions, which, though not absolutely shocking in themselves, naturally convey loose and immodest ideas—which in general are so plain, and intelligible, that it would be an insult to a young lady's understanding to suppose her ignorant of their meaning—and admitting her not to be ignorant, the most infamous rudeness and brutality to utter in her presence. Persons, who are no better acquainted with that respect and delicacy which ought to be observed in company of every lady, and much more of one of your youth, beauty, and merit, ought to be avoided as you would avoid the pestilence; this can only affect your health, your life; that affects the reputation, and is a canker worm which preys upon and blasts the fairest, loveliest flower of modesty. And can it be possible that there are polite and fashionable

young ladies, whose faces are ever ready, on such occasions, to wear the smile of approbation, while the archness of their looks gives sufficient notice that they perfectly comprehend the full extent of the meaning? yet, my dear girl, doubt not but there was a time, when they, too, would have blushed at the first approaches of indelicacy—such is the terrible devaluation made in the female breast, by habit, custom, and that vanity, and rage for administration, even the administration of fools and brutes, which frequently at first prevent a young lady from shewing her disapprobation of improper conduct, for fear of losing one from the wretched train of her admirers. And after having suffered the first breach of decency to pass unnoticed, it serves as a precedent to encourage a second, and makes it more difficult for her then to assume that propriety of conduct she ought at first to have adopted, and look out of countenance every thing rude and indelicate; until at length by its frequency, it becomes familiar, and all her chaste sensibility being lost, it is no longer offensive to her polluted ear.

But now let me proceed to a subject more agreeable and pleasing. Nature, my dear girl, has been indulgent to you in her gifts, and has lavished upon you external beauty, with a bounteous hand, she has formed you with a person truly lovely.—Though you are beautiful, think not your beauty alone sufficient to constitute your merit. Be as assiduous to cultivate your understanding, to improve your mind, to acquire every truly female and elegant accomplishment, as you would be, if you had not one single recommendation to our favour besides. Beauty of person may catch us at first; but the beauties of the mind can alone secure any conquest worth making. Sickness and disease may, in a moment, strip you of the bloom of the rose, and tarnish the whiteness of the lily: at least those charms must wither and decay, when the winter of life approaches. The beauties of the mind will survive all the ruins of sickness and age, and endure beyond the grave. Beauty of person soon becomes familiar, and falls in possession: but virtue and sense will ever improve, and be ever still higher prized as they are better known. I have now only to claim your indulgence for a moment upon the article of dress, although it is a subject scarcely of sufficient importance to take up much time or consideration. Neatness and elegance is what you ought principally to have in view; every thing beyond that must be left in a great measure to your own taste, and the fashions of the day, which, as long as they are not inconsistent with decency, ought in some measure to be regarded, but in such a manner that you may not appear whimsically in, or singularly out of them; and that your imitating them may seem rather a sacrifice made to the opinion of others, than to proceed from any fondness, or approbation for them of your own. There is a degree of ill-nature in that satire and ridicule on female fashions and dresses, many are so fond to adopt, which I acknowledge I could never approve. 'Tis true, if a girl devotes that time which ought to be employed in more important concerns, to the care of her person—if she places her supreme merit in her clothes and ornaments—if she assumes to herself consequence and state, and looks down superciliously on such as do not equal her in those respects—she then becomes the just object of our ridicule and contempt, be her dress what it will.

Let me draw the portrait I would have you to resemble. I would wish you possessed of that undefiled and benevolent religion, which descends from heaven, and refines and purifies the human heart—free from the rage of bigotry, the gloom of superstition, and the extravagancies of enthusiasm. I would wish you to be unaffectedly modest, without prudery—cheerful, easy, and sociable, without levity, pertness, and forwardness—affable and frank, without ever forgetting that delicate reserve, absolutely necessary to support the dignity of your character, and to banish rudeness and licentiousness from your presence—well acquainted with books, without a pedantic display of your knowledge—sensible, without aiming at the character of a wit—possessed of every grace and beauty of person, yet in no one action appearing conscious of

your superiority—adorned with every acquired accomplishment, without valuing yourself upon them—and all these blended and intermingled with that softness, that gentleness, and that tenderness peculiar to your sex.

I have now, my dear girl, very imperfectly executed what I had in view, when I took up my pen. I have thrown these thoughts upon paper, that you may have them remaining by you, and would willingly hope that sometimes, in the hour of leisure and retirement, you may think them worth a second reading. I have praised a thousand things I wished to have said: but have already made this letter too long; to supply the deficiency I have put into your hands Mrs. Chapone's letters to her niece, and Fordyce's sermons for young ladies; they are books which ought to be engraven in letters of gold, and can never be too often read by your sex. C. F.

## FOR THE TABLET.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
And censure freely who have written well.

All fools have still an itching to deride,  
And fain would be upon the laughing side.  
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,  
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

POPE.

*IN these lines, though written by one, who never made the science of human nature his particular study, are portrayed with peculiar happiness the invidious exertions of ignorant, snarling and supercilious critics. Pope, however justly considered at the present age, as having been one of the greatest poets, which England, or perhaps the world ever produced, was arraigned at the bar of omnipotent critics, and condemned as an author entirely void of taste and genius. His writings were adjudged, by some of his contemporaries, to be unworthy of a place in the cottage of a peasant. Thus, it has fared with writers of every description, from the gigantic Johnson, down to the pigmy author, who makes his appearance in a penny paper.*

*There is no production so mean, so trivial, so inconsiderable, as not to attract the attention of some "one-eyed monarch" of criticism, who assuming an air of importance, with a deep guttural tone pronounces the irreversible decree.*

*On the other hand, there are no beauties of composition, no excellency of sentiment so conspicuous, as to make any impression on the sensorium of the pompion-critics of the present generation. It is to be hoped, that all our Solomons in criticism will be preserved in remembrance, until some future bard shall arise, possessed of the genius of a Pope, who may be able to write their names in indelible characters on the page of a Dunciad.*

## TO READERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

*THE Editor presents his warmest acknowledgments to those who have hitherto patronized the TABLET.—The entertaining numbers of ANTOINETTE have been gratefully received, and inserted with pleasure. A renewal and continuance of her useful labors is earnestly solicited.—OLIVIO, R. A. and others are invited to resume their writings, and prepare something more of the utile et dulce for our columns.—All literary communications will be duly received and attended to with care.*

*The communications of O. Z. and NIMBO came too late to be inserted this week, they shall be attended to in our next number.*



## LINES,

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

*Author of the Baviad and Marviad.*

I WISH I was where Anna lies;  
For I am sick of lingering here,  
And every hour affection cries,  
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died  
I lost my all; and life has prov'd,  
Since that sad hour, a dreary void,  
A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.

But who, when I am turned to clay,  
Shall duly to her grave repair,  
And pluck the ragged moss away,  
And weeds that have 'no business there.'

And who, with pious hand shall bring  
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops  
cold,  
And v'lets, that unheeded spring,  
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell  
Upon her name, forever dear,  
Shall feel his heart, with passion swell,  
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and, would fate allow,  
Should visit still, should still deplore;  
But health and strength have left me now,  
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,  
The last I offer at thy shrine;  
Thy grave must, then, undeck'd remain  
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft, persuasive look,  
Thy voice that might with music vie;  
Thy air, that every gazer took,  
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicsome, as good,  
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd;  
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdu'd,  
Thy gay, good humor—can they 'fade'?

*From the first volume of the U. S. Gazette.*

## EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION,

Pronounced at Marietta, on the 4th of July, 1789,  
By Return J. Meigs, Esq. Attorney at Law.

ENOUGH of tributary praise is paid,  
To virtue living, or to merit dead,  
To happier themes, the rural Muse invites,  
To calmest pleasures, and serene delights;  
To us, glad fancy, brightest prospects shows,  
Rejoicing nature, all around you glows;  
Here late the Savage hid in ambush lay,  
Or roam'd the uncultur'd vallies for his prey;  
Here frown'd the forest with terrific shade,  
No cultur'd fields expos'd the opening glade;  
How chang'd the scene! See nature cloth'd in  
smiles

With joy repays the lab'or for his toils.  
Her hardy gifts, rough industry extends,  
The groves bow down, the lofty forest bends;  
On every side, the cleaving axes sound,  
The oak, and tall beech shudder to the ground.

And see the spires of Marietta rise,  
And domes, and temples swell into the skies:  
Here Justice reign, and foul dissention cease,  
Her walks be pleasant—and her paths be peace.

Here swift Muskingum rolls his rapid waves;  
There furmenous vallies, fair Ohio laves,  
On its smooth surface, gentle zephyrs play,  
The sun beams tremble with a placid ray;  
What future harvests on his bosom glide,  
And loads of Commerce swell the "downward  
tide,"  
Where Mississippi joins in length'ning sweep,  
And rolls majestic to the Atlantic deep.

Along our banks, see distant villas spread—  
Here waves the corn—and there extends the mead—  
Here found the murmurs of the gurgling rills;  
There bleat the flocks upon a thousand hills.  
Fair opens the lawn—the fertile fields extend,  
The kindly shower from smiling Heaven descends,  
The skies drop fatness, on the blooming vale,  
From spicy shrubs ambrosial sweet exhale,  
Fresh fragrance rises from the flowrets bloom,  
And ripening vineyards breathe a 'glad perfume.'  
Here swells the music of the warbling grove,  
And all around is melody and love.  
Here Charity extend her liberal hand,  
And mild benevolence o'erspread the land,  
In harmony the social virtues blend—  
Joy, without measure—rapture, without end.

## THE ORIGIN OF LAWS.

THRICE happy age, the youthful Poet cries,  
Ere laws arose, ere tyrants bade them rise;  
When all were blest to share a common store,  
And none were proud of wealth, for none were  
poor;

No wars, no tumults vex each still domain,  
No thirst of empire, no desire of gain;  
No proud great man, nor one who would be great,  
Drove modest Merit from its proper state;  
Nor into distant climes would Avarice roam,  
To fetch delights for Luxury at home;  
Bound by no ties but those by nature made,  
Virtue was law, and gifts prevented trade.

Mistaken youth! each nation first was rude,  
Each man a cheerless son of solitude,  
To whom no joys of social life were known,  
Nor felt a care that was not all his own;  
Or in some languid clime his abject soul  
Bow'd to a little tyrant's stern controul;  
A slave, with slaves his monarch's throne he rais'd;  
And in rude song his ruder idol prais'd;  
The meaner cares of life were all he knew,  
Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few;  
But when by slow degrees the Arts arose,  
Taught by some conquering friends, who came as  
foes;

When Commerce, rising from the bed of ease,  
Ran round the land and pointed to the seas;  
When Emulation, born with jealous eye,  
And Avarice, lent their spurs to Industry;  
Then one by one the numerous laws were made,  
Those to controul, and these to succour trade;  
To curb the insolence of rude command,  
To snatch the victim from the Usurer's hand,  
To awe the bold, to yield the wrong'd redress,  
And feed the poor with Luxury's excess.

Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and  
strong,  
His nature leads ungovern'd men along;  
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,  
The laws are form'd, and plac'd on every side;  
When e'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,  
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed;  
More and more gentle grows the dying stream,  
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem;  
Till, like a miner working sure and slow,  
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below;  
The basis sinks, the ample piles decay,  
The stately fabric shakes and falls away;  
Primal Want and Ignorance come on,  
But Freedom, sovereign boon of life, is gone.

Gaz. U. S.

## FOR THE TABLET.

MR. EDITOR,

HOW winter evening's hours were pass'd,  
Portray'd with ease, was in your last,  
How modern bucks and belles who meet  
Were fix'd, like statues, on their seat,  
Who were not mute for want of sense,  
But, for the want of confidence.  
Thus unemployed, time does not fly,  
Nor seem to pass unheeded by;  
But like some reptile seems to creep,  
By turns awake, and then asleep.  
Now, if a poet can but find  
Some method how to ease the mind,  
Dispel such silence and suspense  
Without exposing common sense,  
And introduce an ease and grace,  
Provoke a smile on beauty's face;  
The object will reward the pains  
Produc'd by pommelling his brains.  
And first, when silence seems to reign  
And every buck and belle's in pain;  
A box of snuff produc'd, with ease  
They'll break grim silence by a sneeze.  
This, confidence, will much assist,  
Then, introduce a hand of whist.

WILL SIMPLA.

## WINTER.

STERN Winter, though thy rugged reign  
Chills the pale bosom of the plain,  
And in deep sighs thy hollow blast  
Tells me the happy hours are past  
That saw meek Spring her blossoms rear,  
And lead along the infant year;  
Thy thickening glooms, and leafless tree,  
Have charms for Emma and for me.

And though the light-wing'd breeze no more  
Wests the rich sweets of Summer's store,  
Though Autumn's scene no more beguiles,  
My cot is warm, and Emma smiles.  
Then, Winter, come! thy storm and rain  
Beat on this happy roof in vain:  
The shivering blast, and leafless tree,  
Have charms for Emma and for me.

Then what avail thy wind and storm,  
That nature's withering face deform,  
If fancy's brisk and sportive lay,  
Awake to pleasure's willing sway;  
If the quick jest and lively song  
Bid the slow night move blith along?  
For then thy glooms, and leafless tree,  
Have charms for Emma and for me.

Thus when the bloom of youth is dead,  
And fancy's frolic hours are fled,  
Tranquil, and free from passion's rage,  
I'll meet the hoary froth of age.  
Then, Winter, come; these blessings bring;  
I sigh not for the gaudy Spring:  
So shall thy glooms, and leafless tree,  
Have charms for Emma and for me.

Looker-On.

## Personification of Hope.

IMMENSE of bulk, her towering head she shows,  
Her floating tresses seem to touch the skies,  
Dark mists her unsubstantial shape compose,  
And on the mountain's top her dwelling lies.  
As when the clouds fantastic shapes disclose,  
Forever varying to the gazer's eyes,  
Till on the breeze, the changeful hues escape,  
Thus vague her form, and mutable her shape.

Danover, N. H.

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